National Tribune.

"TO CARE FOR HIM WHO HAS BORNE THE BATTLE, AND FOR HIS WIDOW AND ORPHANS."

ESTABLISHED 1877—NEW SERIES. WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1888. VOL. VIII—NO. 12—WHOLE NO. 376.

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THE MAN ON HORSEBACK

Some of the Legacies of Our Civil War.

A SOVEREIGN PEOPLE.

The Character of Our Private Soldier.

McCLELLAN'S ADMIRERS.

No King nor Ministers to Depose.

BY GEN. JOHN POPE.

I.

O Europeans generally, and to many of the most intelligent of our own people—I mean intelligent in everything except knowledge of their own countrymen—perhaps the most surprising of the many wonderful results which attended our civil war and its conclusion, was the rapid and peaceful disbandment of our great armies and the complete and uneventful reabsorption of the soldier into the bosom of the community whence he issued to join the armies.

It is well within our recollection during the war, and especially near its close, and even afterward, how many of our most highly cultured fellow-citizens shuddered every day at the prospect of the black cloud of anarchy and military despotism which hovered over us, so close at hand, and kept their sentinels on the watch-towers to give early notice of the approach of

THE "MAN ON HORSEBACK."

Such apprehensions, inflamed by partisan orators and party newspapers, seem ludicrous to everybody to-day, as they were considered at the time by the soldiers in the field, who were suspected of being the willing instruments to work this outrage upon their country and upon civilization.

To realize that such ideas of their purposes could be entertained by any of the loyal people of the North, occasioned the soldier a mixed feeling of amusement and indignation. Of course such a mistaken fear can only be explained by the ignorance of those who felt it of the character and purpose of the soldier of the great armies marshaled in defense of the Government. A knowledge of these will make it plain how little foundation there was for such apprehension, and how absurd is the idea that whilst our people remain what they were and are, there can ever be danger either of anarchy or of despotism. Any danger of the latter from our small Regular Army, even admitting what is far from true, that in material and discipline it is a military body like those which have worked such mischief in the past, is of course ridiculous. It is hardly strong enough to overcome the local police force of any of our large cities. The army of the United States, either in peace or war, is the people of the United States, and such, under our system of Government, must it always be. To expect this large force of our fellow-citizens, the actual rulers of the country, to destroy their own Government by armed force, is as reasonable as to expect

A KING TO OVERTHROW HIS OWN KINGDOM.

Whatever changes in Government we desire to make, even if they should lead to a complete change in its form, we have the means to make peacefully whenever the majority wishes to do so. What object, therefore, would there be in doing violently what could be done peacefully? The belief of danger from our great armies must have had its foundation in the opinion that in personnel and purpose it was the prototype of the Pretorian Guards of Rome or the mercenary armies of the Middle Ages.

To know the character of the private soldier of our armies is at once to rid ourselves of all fear of the "man on horseback." I am sorry that the soldier of the civil war has not a more competent hand to portray him as he was and was seen of all men in those our anxious days of doubt and discouragement and of confidence and triumph; but his picture shall not suffer, even if full justice is not done to it by my failure to appreciate if I cannot describe it. The soldiers of our civil war, from the Colonel to the private in the ranks, were intelligent, as Americans almost universally are. Possessed of a good common-school education in nearly every case; many of them graduates of our foremost colleges, and successful in professional pursuits when the war broke upon us; thoroughly saturated from boyhood with the spirit of the free institutions under which they were born and brought up, and well versed in the political and moral questions which brought on the rebellion, and of the results sought through military success, they entered the ranks of the army without military ambition, leaving behind them for the time the peaceful vocations which they greatly preferred to any military service whatever, and to which they were determined to return as soon as the integrity of the Government was assured. They were neither dazzled nor awed by military display or by personages of rank, and derived their opinions both of transactions and of commanders from their own observation, and were in all cases nearly as well acquainted with the details and purposes of campaigns and battles as the commanding General himself. They rapidly acquired military discipline and knowledge of tactics, not because of orders and in mere blind obedience to their commanders, but because they themselves comprehended that knowledge and observance of these rules were essential to military success.

THEIR SOLE PURPOSE,

from first to last, was to put down the rebellion and return to their homes and to their peaceful pursuits and occupations.

I know that in an auto-biography, recently published, the late Gen. G. B. McClellan has intimated that in 1862, when the Government thought proper to relieve him from command of the Army of the Potomac, that army desired to be led to Washington to overthrow the lawful authorities of the country and replace them by a military dictator, and that he found it necessary to remain several days in their camps to soothe and restrain them from effecting this revolution and overturning the very Government they were in arms to protect. And all this for no better reason than that Gen. McClellan's personal fortunes (or misfortunes) were more important to these 100,000 intelligent and loyal Americans than the integrity of their Government and the maintenance of its laws. I think we may safely credit Gen. McClellan's imagination, and the evil counsels and questionable information given him by the sycophants who surrounded him, for an idea so utterly preposterous. I fancy that the Army of the Potomac would hardly admit that there had ever been the time when their devotion to Gen. McClellan would have led them even to think of such disloyalty to their country. It is, however, not my province to discuss the probability of such a charge

AGAINST THE LOYALTY OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC

to the Government, so long as so many of that army survive to maintain its honor and fidelity.

In considering the question of difficulty in disbanding our large armies at the termination of the war, and the danger that the "man on horseback" might put in an appearance at the very outset, it is quite essential that we examine a little the relations which the men of these armies bore to the State Governments which organized them, and to the communities whence they came. Perhaps in nothing so much as in raising our great armies, supplying them with officers, keeping their ranks full, and infusing into them the spirit and the cheerfulness which carried them through the war, was the efficiency of our Government, and especially of the State Governments, more signally manifested. I consider it very safe to say that, but for the agency of the State Governments, direct and continuously, the war could not have been successfully prosecuted. It is fortunate that the President and his advisers recognized this fact at the beginning, and were always especially careful to raise no controversy and enter into no dispute with any of the loyal Governors in the North; and by loyal I mean

LOYAL TO THE PROSECUTION OF THE WAR

with vigor until the power and authority of the United States Government were everywhere acknowledged and submitted to. Every company of troops represented some small community; every regiment a larger community; every brigade and division a particular section of the State. Every one of these soldiers was known to the people of his village or his neighborhood, and his good or his evil deeds in the army were at once known, and responded to in honor or censure. No man in the army could escape the influence of the community, great or small, in which was his home. He felt their power for his good at all times. He knew that his conduct, good or bad, was part of the war record of his friends and neighbors, and that for their sake, as well as for his own comfort when he should return, it was needful for him to guard his every step. In fact, during the war the soldier was really much more closely under the supervision of his neighbors than when he lived among them. His sins committed at home were known only at home; those committed in the army were known to many communities, and brought far more mortification therefore to his neighbors, whilst equally his good deeds redounded far more to their credit with the communities around them.

The constant communication of the State authorities with the troops they had organized for the field, and their frequent visits to the armies; the affectionate supervision of every man from their State, from the wounded or sick man in the hospital

TO THE MAN ON THE OUTER PICKET,

kept up that close relation between the soldier and the State from which he came, and the community to which he felt accountable, that there was little likelihood that, unless in very exceptional cases, he could be induced to do any act which would work injury to them or of which they would disapprove. From among such men, surrounded and dominated by these conditions, was expected to emerge the "man on horseback," conquering and to conquer. Why, this mythical warrior would have been dismounted and trampled in the mire before he got beyond the precincts of his camp! But, assuming the possibility that there might have issued forth such a man with a force of deluded followers behind him, where would he have gone to overthrow the Government? This is a large country, and it would take many large armies to march over it and fix a military Government upon its inhabitants. If the "man on horseback" should go to Washington, he would find only certain agents whom the people had placed there to discharge specified duties in no manner affecting the sovereignty of the Nation.

HE WOULD FIND NO KING NOR MINISTERS TO DEPOSE

or to execute, nor would such a fate for every official about Washington in any manner change the institutions of the country or make conquest of the people. The sovereignty of the United States rests with the people, and to establish the reign of the "man on horseback" they must be met and overcome everywhere, and kept in subjection by force constantly present. Where are the armies to come from who shall work this great conquest from the Atlantic to the Pacific? Certainly not from the men of the civil war whom I have described, nor their successors.

This relation of the soldiers of the armies of our civil war to the States and communities which sent them into the field, kept with such fidelity by both parties, was the sure safeguard, the centrifugal force, as it were, of this people against the tendency to centralization certain to spring into life during a great war. The Government was tempted constantly by the emergencies of the times to assume and exercise unconstitutional or extraordinary powers, which could have been fully justified by the seeming interests of the Nation at the moment. That no such attempt was made speaks strongly for the wisdom and self-control of the chiefs of the Government. One attempt was made at the beginning to destroy the identity of the regiments and their relation to the States in which they were organized, which, if it had been successful, would surely have worked nothing but evil to the army and to the country. I never knew whether the proposition was made purely as a sort of spread-eagle affair by people who in general are followers of buncombe, or whether there was really the far-sighted scheme to make an army dependent alone upon its commanders, and which, after some instruction and length of service, might be brought to the condition of giving birth to the "man on horseback." It was gravely proposed in 1861 that the armies then mustering for the war be welded into one great army to be called the Army of the Union; that all reference to States and to State control or concern be extinguished, and regiments, instead of being designated as being of the States which organized them, should be simply known as National regiments; that the 15th Ill., for example, should be known as the 10th United States; the 20th N. Y., as the 20th United States, etc., so that all knowledge of the localities of the regiments should in time be lost among the brigades and divisions to which they were assigned. In such an army organization as this the relations of the regiments would be to the General Government through its commander, and not at all to the States. By judicious mixing up of the various regiments in brigades and divisions, the identity of the special regiment would soon be lost sight of, and all the pride of the State in it would be lost, as would also the good influence upon the regiment itself of the communities from which it came. It is barely possible that in time—and I mean by this a long time—and by assiduous teaching, such alienation between regiments and States might be brought about, and such devotion to the fortunes of their commanders, that some evil results might have ensued; but certainly even under such circumstances nothing could have been done which would have brought

MILITARY RULE UPON US.

This project was, I think, embodied in a bill and introduced into Congress, where it happily failed.

Indeed the danger to our institutions, if there be any, does not come from armed hosts, either on horseback or on foot. Not in time of war, and especially war in defense of our free Government and of our homes and firesides, are we to fear men on horseback or on foot from among ourselves. Our danger is from peace and not from war. It comes not from what men do, but from what they do not. When the people of this country, in especial those highest in intelligence, in possessions, and in social place, cease to neglect their duties of citizenship, we shall fear no "man on horseback." If they persist in this neglect, our fate will not be so respectable as armed conquest might make it. We shall die of filth and corruption, dominated by the criminal and the ignorant. He who is looking from the housetops for the "man on horseback" does not perceive that his house is on fire beneath him.

[Written for THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.]

AN OPEN LETTHER TO THE PRISIDENT.

BY J. K. THOMPSON, M. D., BAYNE, KAN.

Claveland! oh, Claveland! A wondher to tell!
Yees ate thryin' again for the place,
In which for a therm, (but not ony too well,)
Yees hev filled a Prisident's space.

The paple'all over the aist and the wist,
Are wondherin' how that same's to be done;
For the ricord ye've made is none o' the bist
From the toime when furst yees begun.

Wuz it a misthake yees made when ye allowed
Yer name in the late convinshin to rhun?
We thought, in the canvass before ye avowed,
The therms of an office should only be one.

Raforms, civil sarvice raforms, and all that,
Were pledged to the country by you;
But offensive partisans, wheriver at,
Hev well hidden those measures from view.

Yer missages, sorr, are most wondherful things;
From tariff to the fisheries plot;
They kape all the land in a busthle, and brings
Yer partisan failin's oudt to a dot.

In vatoin' pinsheuz which Congress had passed
For ould sojers in toime of their need,
The stoyle of objictions—ef it wuz chaste,
What hindhers yees now using that screed?

That ribel flag botch made a therrible muss;
It anghered the ould sojer byes some;
Ye've made that all roight for yerslif and for us,
By placin' the blame on Adjitint Dhrum.

Yees wint oudt a fishin' Memorial Day,
Wholle Loyalty's hands, tinder and thrue,
Strewed flowers on the mounds of the silent array
Of sojers who once wore the thrue blue.

Me prisent advice, sorr, is now in advance—
In view of the rale sitevation—
Reconsidher yer letther of acceptance
And vato yer last nomination.

Went After All.

[*Hartford Post.*]

"Isn't it a delightful morning, Cicely, dear? Are you not going to take a walk?"

"Oh, dear me, no. I must stay at home until I get something really fit to wear."

"To be sure. I don't know as I blame you at all."

"I look as well as you do, after all. I guess I'll go."

THE Lost Army.

Scouting and Fighting Adventures of Two Boys IN MISSOURI AND ARKANSAS IN 1861, '62.

Persecution of the Union Men of Missouri.

MISERABLE REFUGEES.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX,
Author of "The Boy Travelers," "The Young Nimrods," "The Voyage of the Vivian," "Fulton and Steam Navigation," "Decisive Battles Since Waterloo," "Marco Polo for Boys and Girls," etc., etc.

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CHAPTER XXII.

PERSECUTIONS OF UNION FAMILIES BY THE REBELS—GETTING READY TO MOVE.

ANY of these refugees," continued the journal, "died soon after reaching our lines, and there were large numbers who perished on the way. In spite of all we can do for them they suffer greatly, as they have inadequate shelter, and the most that the Government can do is to supply them with tents and food."

Another day Harry wrote out the following story as it was told him by a man who was born in a Northern State, but had lived for 30 years in Arkansas.

"I'm 60 years old now," said the man, "and have lived in the South since I was 30, having gone there from Pennsylvania, where I was born. When the war broke out I was living near Fayetteville, where I had a little farm and a good house, and my two sons were married and lived not far off. We wanted to remain neutral, but our neighbors wouldn't allow us to do anything of the kind.

"My eldest son was impressed into Ben McCulloch's army, and died there before he'd been three months in the service. Then they ordered my other son to report for duty, but when the day came he didn't go. The next day a party of rebel soldiers came to the house and shot him dead as he stood by the side of his wife and children. His body fell on one of the children, and its clothes were all stained with his blood.

"Then the soldiers rode off, and left us to bury the body of my poor, dead son. We thought that would be the last we should hear of them, but it wasn't; for the very next day another party came and told the widow and two small children that they must leave the house, as they had orders to burn it. They almost dragged her out of doors, giving her no time to save anything except what she could pick up at the moment. Then they set the house on fire, and staid around till it was burned up. What

SHOT BY GUERRILLAS.

made the matter worse was that in the party that burned the house there were two men who had been well acquainted with my murdered son, and whom he had always regarded as friends.

"The widow and children came to my house and I sheltered them, as of course I was bound to do, as she had no other place to go. The widow and three children of my other son were there already, so that we had altogether 10 of us under one roof—me and my wife, a daughter of 17, and the two widows, one with three and the other with two children. Don't you think they could have let us alone then?

"But they didn't. About 10 days after they burned my son's house an officer and some soldiers came to my house and said we must all leave the country. I asked him what for.

"'Well,' he says, 'there's reason enough. You've been harboring the family of your son, who refused to serve in the Southern army.'

"I tried to argue with him that I had done nothing more than common humanity required, but he wouldn't listen to me. Then he up and told me I was from the North anyway, and wasn't a safe man to stay in the South.

"The fact that I'd lived among them for 30 years didn't seem to be of any account. I was born in the North, and that was enough.

"The officer said we might have two days to get away, and then our house would be burned. Then he rode off, but within 10 hours another gang came and told us we must get out at once, as they were going to burn the house right off.

"They wouldn't let us take but one wagon, and they searched us to make sure that we didn't carry off anything that was valuable. We put some blankets and provisions and other things we absolutely needed into the wagon. The rebels plundered the house of everything they wanted, and then they set the house, barn and all the sheds on fire, and made us wait to see them burned up.

BAD NEWS NOT DESIRED.

"They then came with us as far as the Missouri State line, and wouldn't allow us to stop anywhere, though we needed rest awfully. When they left us we were 200 miles from Rolla, and right in the beginning of Winter. One after another fell ill and died, or was left with the Union people on the road. Only four out of the 10 of us have got here, and I expect we won't live long. We've had a hard time, a very hard time, and the wonder is that any of us got here at all."

Some weeks later Harry wrote as follows in the same journal:

"The predictions of the old man from Fayetteville were verified. Two out of the four in his party who reached Rolla died a few days after their arrival, and only the old man and one grandchild were left. They were sent to St. Louis and kindly cared for, but the grief at leaving home, the destitution and hardships of the Winter journey, and the depression consequent upon the deaths of the others had their effect. The old man and his grandchild did not outlive the Winter."

Does the reader think this was an isolated and unusual case? It was nothing of the kind, save in the details of the exact number of persons concerned, and the days and hours of the occurrences narrated. In the border States, in fact all through the South, there were thousands of similar cases where men were murdered for refusing to serve in the rebel armies, their houses were destroyed and their families driven into exile. In the Winter of 1861, '2 thousands of refugees reached St. Louis from Arkansas, Tennessee and other States bordering the great river, and all had the same story to tell. They had been persecuted and driven out solely because they sympathized or were supposed to sympathize with the Union cause.

A volume could be filled with stories like the above, and yet the subject would be far from exhausted. There was nothing in the whole annals of the war that more completely negatived the justness of the rebel cause than the treatment of Union people among them, whether residents or prisoners of war. No Union man could live unharmed in the South during the war. Thousands of Southern sympathizers lived in the North, and as long as they made no public or undue display of their sentiments they were not disturbed. But to be suspected of Union proclivities in the South was the prelude to treatment such as is illustrated in the story just narrated. The political freedom sought by the leaders of the rebellion was the freedom that kills men at their firesides and drives women and children to seek shelter under a flag hundreds of miles away.

"Can you tell me," said Harry one day, as they were returning from a visit to the camp of the refugees, "can you tell me what they mean by 'Southern chivalry'?"

"That's what I've been trying to make out," replied Jack, "but I confess to being puzzled."

"What I understand by chivalry as it existed in the days of the knights of old, was that a chivalric man never oppressed the weak; was the sworn protector of women against insult and injury, and in a general way took the side of anyone in distress."

"So I thought," was the reply; "but that doesn't seem to be the way with Southern chivalry, if we are to judge by the evidence before us. Of course there are gentlemen in the South who wouldn't do any of the things we hear of and know about, but they allow others to do them, and that's just about as bad. Gen. Lee may not have given orders for starving Union prisoners, but he allows his subordinates to starve them and to shoot down all who go over an imaginary deadline. He could put a stop to these things if he wished to. As he doesn't do it, we can fairly suppose he wishes them to go on."

"Yes," said Jack; "I don't think it's unfair to him to think so. The chivalric sons of the South ought to announce a change from the days of the old knight-errants, and frankly admit that instead of being protectors of the oppressed they are oppressors; that instead of guarding women and children from insult and injury they drive them out of the country, burn their houses and plunder them of their property."

The discussion continued for some time, but without succeeding in convincing the youths that the chivalry of the Southern States bore any resemblence to that of the days of Richard Coeur-de-Leon and the knights whose names have been preserved in history. They finally concluded that it would be well to drop the subject and attend to matters of a practical character.

During January, 1862, the camp at Rolla was increased by the arrival of troops from Illinois, Iowa and Kansas, and it was evident that the Spring was to open with another campaign. Gen. Samuel R. Curtis arrived and took command, transportation was cut down as much as possible, stores were accumulated and sent forward as far as the Gasconade River, a cavalry division under Gen. Carr was pushed forward, and by degrees the country was occupied to within 50 miles of Springfield, where Price's army was known to be in force. It was ascertained that McCulloch's army had gone into a Winter camp at Cross Hollows, in Arkansas, and would probably move north in the Spring to join Price, or in case of a Union advance would wait where it was until Price could fall back to that position.

Among the regiments that came to Rolla was the 9th Iowa, which contained several officers and many men of the 1st Iowa, which had been mustered out of service after its return from Wilson's Creek, it's time having expired. Its Colonel, William Vandever, was assigned to the command of a brigade, so that the control of the regiment fell to its Lieutenant-Colonel, F. J. Herron, who had fought at Wilson's Creek as a Captain in the 1st Iowa.

Jack and Harry were overjoyed to see so many of their old acquaintances, and at the request of Col. Vandever the two youths were turned over to his care. They had made such a good record in their scouting services during their stay at Rolla, that Col. Vandever, whom we will now call General, as he was shortly afterward promoted to that rank, decided to make use of them as scouts and Orderlies whenever occasion offered. They were allowed to retain their horses, of which they had taken excellent care. The animals showed much attachment to their young masters, and evidently were quite reconciled to serving under the Union flag instead of the rebel one, beneath which they were captured.

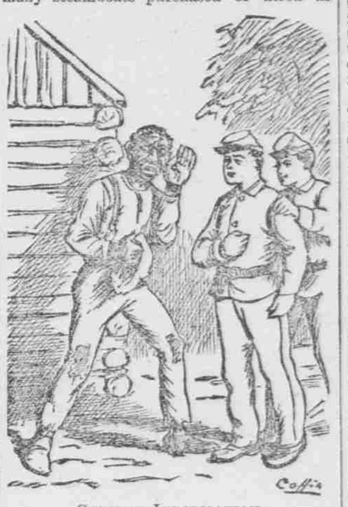
Orders to advance were impatiently waited, and at last they came. Early in February the army of Gen. Curtis moved out of Rolla with drums beating and trumpets sounding, and every indication of a determination to push on to victory. Sixteen thousand men, in the proper proportions of infantry, artillery and cavalry, composed the force which was to carry the flag across the borders of Missouri and into the rebellious State of Arkansas.

But before we follow the army of the Southwest and make note of its fortunes, let us briefly turn our gaze elsewhere.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A GENERAL ADVANCE—A SCOUTING PARTY AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

Careful students of the war did not fail to see that there was a systematic advance along the whole line from Virginia to Missouri during the early part of February, 1862. During the Winter work on the gunboat fleet had been vigorously pushed and many steamboats purchased or hired as



GETTING INFORMATION.

transports. As fast as the ironclads were ready to move they were sent to Cairo, Ill., where the transports were assembled and vast amounts of stores had been accumulated. Gen. Grant was in command at Cairo, and that aqueous town was a vast encampment. At the same time the army at Rolla had been strengthened, as we have already seen, and the movement of each force was practically simultaneous.

Nor was this all. From Washington the army moved into Virginia, and the checkered campaign of 1862 began. Then a fleet and an army went down the Atlantic Coast and captured New-Berne, N. C., and farther down the coast there was an aggressive move against Charleston. Then at the mouth of the Mississippi a fleet of war ships appeared, backed by a fleet of transports carrying a land force ready to occupy and hold whatever the fleet secured. In Kentucky the Army of the Ohio occupied Bowling Green, and prepared to move upon Nashville.

The first success along the whole line of attack was when on the 6th of February the fleet under Admiral Foote bombarded Fort Henry and compelled its surrender. Then followed the attack on Fort Donelson, when Gen. Grant "moved immediately upon the works" of Gen. Buckner and took him a prisoner, together with all those of his garrison that could not escape. The whole North was in a blaze of excitement as the news was published in the papers, which appeared in the form of "Extras," with a great many lines of heading to a very few lines of news. Such a sensation had not happened since the battle of Bull Run, in the previous year—and, unlike that of Bull Run, the story was one of victory and not of disaster.

The effect of the news in a city like St. Louis, whose population was divided in sentiment, was a curious study to the outsider. A man's sentiments could be known half a block away by the expression of his face and the air with which he greeted his friends. If he was for the Union his head was high in the air and his countenance showed him to be "smiling all over"; but if he sympathized with the rebellion, his steps were sad and slow and his head was downcast, as though he had lost a 10-cent piece or a diamond ring, and was on the lookout to find it. There was no occasion to ask a man how he felt; the subject was too momentous to permit him to conceal his thoughts.

When the newsboys appeared with the extras they were eagerly patronized by the Union men and as eagerly repelled by the Secessionists. One boy had the temerity to enter the store of a noted Secessionist and shout in stentorian tones, "'Ere's yer extra; all about the capture of Fort Donelson!"

That boy soon had reason to believe that his presence was not desired there and his wares were unwelcome. He sold no papers in that store, and moreover he was ejected from it a

"THERE ARE THE YANKEES."

moment after entering on the toe of a number 10 boot. His ejectment was no trifling matter, as it carried him quite to the edge of the sidewalk. He got up again as though nothing had happened, and went on with his business as usual.

It is sad to record that there was a great deal of drinking in St. Louis over the result of Grant's movement against Donelson. The Union men drank in joy and congratulation, while the Secessionists did likewise to drown their sorrow. In Chicago and other Northern cities the drinking was more ouesided than in St. Louis, but the average to each inhabitant was not greater.

It is said that on some of the dead-walls of Chicago the day of the fall of Donelson a placard was posted to the effect that every man found sober at 9 o'clock in the evening would be arrested for disloyalty. History does not record that there were any arrests in Chicago that day for disloyalty. Whether there was anybody around at that hour capable of making arrests is also without record.

Having thus taken a general survey of the field, we will return to Jack and Harry, whom we left with the Army of the Southwest.

The army moved, as before stated, and encountered no opposition as it advanced beyond the Gasconade River and occupied the town of Lebanon, 65 miles from Rolla. Harry called Jack's attention to the desolation that seemed to prevail along the route, compared with what the road was when they first saw it on the retreat from Wilson's Creek. Many houses had been burned, and many of those that escaped the torch were without occupants. In every instance where inquiry was made it was found that the burned or deserted house had been the property of a Union citizen who had been driven away by his rebel neighbors or by scouting parties from Price's army.

The few people that remained were almost destitute of food, and it was next to impossible to obtain feed for horses. The country had suffered terribly from the ravages of war, and was destined to suffer still further before the war ended. As long as the war lasted it was infested by roving bands of guerrillas, although the regular armies of the Confederacy had been forced much farther to the south. At first the Secessionists encouraged the presence of these guerrillas, but after a time they found their exactions so great that they would gladly have rid themselves of their so-called "friends."

The roads were bad and the march was slow, but in spite of the bad roads and the wintry weather the army pushed forward resolutely. Jack and Harry found themselves covered with mud at the end of every day's march, and as they were frequently sent with scouting parties away from the road, their horses as well as themselves were pretty well used up when night arrived; but they came out as lively as ever the next morning, and the horses seemed to echo the words of their young masters, that they were having a good time.

On one of their scouting expeditions they stopped at a house whose owner boasted that he had built it himself and lived in it for 17 years, and though it wasn't equal to some of the fine houses in Springfield or Lebanon, it was as good as he wanted. It was built of logs, like the ordinary frontier dwelling, and consisted of a single room, where the family of six persons lived, ate and slept. It had a door but no window, and in order to have light in the daytime it was necessary to keep the door open, no matter how cold the weather might be. Near the house was a smaller one of the same sort, and this was occupied by three negroes, the slaves of the owner of the place.

Harry found on inquiry that the man had bought these slaves from the money he had saved by selling the produce of his farm, preferring to invest in this kind of property rather than build a more comfortable house, with glass windows and other luxuries. One of the slaves was cook and housemaid, the second was the family nurse, and the third, a man about 50 years old, attended to the stable and outdoor work in general. The master worked in the field with his colored property, but he said that when he had "two more niggers" he would have all his time taken up looking after them. Naturally he was in sympathy with the rebellion, and did not believe in the Yankees and Dutch coming along and setting the slaves free.

The black man watched for a chance to speak to one of the boys, and after a little manuvering he managed to do so without being seen by his master.

"Ef you Linkum folks wants to find some rebs," said the darky to Harry, with a grin, "I knows whar you'll find 'em."

"Where's that?"

"You jest go down dis yere road about a mile and you'll find some of 'em with a wagon load o' pork dey'se takin' to Price's army."

"How many rebs are there with the wagon?"

"Dere's six on 'em—t'ree is on horses and t'ree in der wagon. Dey's been gettin' dat pork round yar, and hain't been gone more'n half an hour. I knows dey's going ter stop at der creek to fix one of de wheels, and you'll find 'em dar. Don't let on whar yer found 'em out."

"Of course not," was the reply. "We'll keep you all safe. Now clear out, and don't look at us to see which way we go."

There were six of them in the scouting party, and they were entirely able to cope with the escort of the wagon. Harry slipped to the side of the Sergeant in command and said they'd better be off, and he would then tell him why.

The Sergeant then said to his men that it was time to be getting back, and gave the order for mounting. At the end of the little lane where the house stood they stopped for con-